THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"My head, my head."

DURING the pious pilgrimage of the prophet Elisha, he was hospitably entertained by a Syrian matron of distinguished rank. In requital for many signal acts of kindness, the grateful prophet predicts that she shall be blessed with a darling son, the solace and support of her declining age.

In the inimitable language of sacred simplicity, when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers,

And he said unto his father, 'My head, my head.'

The tender youth, who, probably from the affection and opulence of his parents, had been educated in all the softness of Syrian luxury, went out unadvisedly, during the fervid season, to visit the reapers. Whatever was the object of this excursion, whether to cheer the labourers by his bounty, or to cheer his imagination by contemplating the beauties and beneficence of Nature, displayed in all the exuberance of an Eastern harvest, it had a melancholy termination. A stroke of the Syrian sun burns his throbbing temples, and the fainting victim exclaims to his father, in the pathetic tone of exquisite anguish, My head, my head.

This is an exclamation, which authors may make with as much propriety as the son of the Shunnamite.

When I am standing not exposed to the fervors of a torrid noon, but at my desk, in the shady cloister, if my thoughts be tardy, and my expressions feeble, then, half angry, and half ashamed, I exclaim, My head, my head.

Bitter complaints have been uttered, by saints of yore, against that lawless member, the tongue. But it has fared with that engine of speech, as with any other mere tool, it has frequently suffered for the faults of its principals. The tongue is an active agent, but quite harmless, unless set in motion, or instigated to evil by the head.

When Job had been maltreated by a foe, probably some Jacobin of Uz, who might wish to harass private virtue and disturb the public peace, the wish of Job, "O that my enemy had written a book!" though apparently enigmatical, is one of the most pertinent and least absurd wishes recorded in history.

Profound knowledge of the world taught him to pray that his foe, by some sudden impulse, or some sanguinary passion might render himself obnoxious to justice. He knew that in Mercy's code there was perpetually a saving clause, in favour of the errors of the heart, but that for the deliberate effusions of the head there was no proviso. He knew that to pronounce his enemy a knave, though it might put the wary Jews on their guard, when he proffered a pledge, or proposed a bargain, would, among an usurious tribe, noted for the spirit of trade, render him an object of

respect, rather than of contempt. The irritated man of Uz, therefore, with singular sagacity, implores that he *might write a book*. The vanity of authorship, Job probably argued, will induce the scribbler to publish ideas crude or absurd, and criticizing Uzzites will then ridicule the fool. His neglected volume, not even "way-faring men" shall peruse, and its leaves shall curl the hair, or cool "the crisping pins" of the oriental maiden.

From the above history of what probably passed in Job's mind, it will appear that it was his decided opinion nothing could be so injurious to his enemy as a bad head, if its owner should hazard a public exposure of its thoughts. So few heads are capable of framing useful books, that the chance was, that a foolish one would be produced by that author, who, in opposition to all the East, was presumptuous and depraved enough to be the avowed "enemy" of a popular citizen. Such an arrogant scribbler would either compromise himself by dogmatical assertion, or alarm others by libertine argument; his book would be too trite for the wise, or too obscure for the simple.

Thomas Paine, could he survey that numerous herd transformed from credulous Christians to infidels, by his "Age of Reason," and, from good subjects to revolters, by his "Common Sense," would sigh for the mischief he had wrought, and even at the ninth *hour*, before he was drunken, exclaim, My head, my head.

Were not the subject almost too serious to allow the sportive style, we might indulge it, and hint that some of the *revolutionary* legislators of France, sensible of the many evils of heads, invented a summary mode of lopping off those excrescences. King, noble, and priest, have been visited by a malady, similar to that which vexed the Shunnamite's son, and each has ascended a sanguinary scaffold, ejaculating, My head, my head.

Daring and impudent as it may appear, in this levelling age, to avow respect for birth or talents, I confess, as a little of the aristocratical leaven has possibly leavened the whole lump, that my notions on this subject are very old-fashioned. My own head is so weak, that I cannot help fancying some difference in the capacity of those of other men. I shall not, therefore, say a word to the prejudice of the ancient and honourable families of Longheads, or Wiseheads, but shall wish them a quiet repose on their ancient foundations, and that neither a fanatic, nor a rebel, may abridge their immunities, nor disturb their possession. For the head of Genius, whose ancestry can be traced beyond William the Conqueror, and whose talents are brilliant like the most splendid of the stars, I feel peculiarly solicitous. I, at first, thought of wishing it a place in the Museum of Mr. Peale, but was apprehensive, that either the Prairie dog, or the vasty Mammoth, might intercept the view. I therefore consign it to the munificent patronage of British generosity, and instantly it seems to exhibit all the glorious lineaments of classical statuary, and we exclaim with the enraptured Hamlet, when surveying the miniature of the royal Dane:

> See what a grace is seated on that brow;
> Hyperion's curls, THE FRONT OF JOVE HIMSELF.

THE DRAMA.

For the Port Folio.

From the Theatrical Censor.

DIMOND'S "HUNTER OF THE ALPS."

THE plot of this little piece is simple, and soon told. It opens with a chorus of vassals and dependants assembled in the great hall of a castle in Savoy, formerly belonging to a Noble, but lately purchased by *Felix*, returned from India with a large fortune. *Felix*, it seems, was a military adventurer, and had quitted his family at Turin, when very young. On his arrival, after an absence of twenty years, he found his parents in the grave, and his only brother gone away, no one knew whither. *Felix*, having made every enquiry for him in vain, makes up his mind to divide his wealth with every child of necessity; and is welcomed to his newly-purchased estate by a chorus of rustics.

Genevieve and *Claudine*, two maidens of the village, sing the following duet:

Thrice welcome, signor, to the bowers of Savoy,
In the prayers of its natives for ever live blest,
Each morn may the sun freshly wake you to joy,
And leave you unchanged when it rolls down the west!
Belov'd and beloving, the light-footed hours
With step that is heard not, here laughingly pass,
Old time hides his scythe under fillets of flowers,
And scatters in air the dull sand from his glass!
High Alps gleam around us—a rampart of rocks,
On whose white dazzling summits the tempest oft roves,
Yet peacefully bleat in the valley our flocks,
And the murmur of ring-doves is heard in our groves.
Then welcome, signor, to the bowers of Savoy,
In the prayers of its natives for ever live blest,
Each morn may the sun freshly wake you to joy,
And leave you unchanged when it rolls down the west!

Felix being one day on a hunting-party, accidentally loses his attendants, and is attacked by a man who is driven to the rash act by the extreme distress of a wife and children, starving in his cottage. This man proves to be *Rosalvi*, the brother of *Felix*, who had been forced from Turin by the cruelty of his creditors, and had taken refuge, with his family, among the Alps, where he embraced the employment of hunting, for support. The *denouement* is of course happy.

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COLMAN'S "WAYS AND MEANS," OR, "A TRIP TO DOVER."

This *petite* comedy continues to be a favourite, although certainly not the best of Colman's productions. When it was first published, some very severe attacks appeared against it in the newspapers, which provoked the dramatist to a petulant and illiberal reply. He complained of its having been

Winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even its Corn has seem'd as light as Chaff,
And good from bad found no partition.

"Laugh and whim," he observes, "were his objects;"—and therein he has in great measure succeeded.

To judge of "Ways and Means" by the stricter rules of criticism, little indeed can be said in its praise. *Peery* is a second *Boniface;* and the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ*, with the exception of *Sir David Dunder*, have been long known, and hacknied on the stage. Nor do we perceive in him much originality, when he is plucked of his favorite expression, "Be quiet; I know it;" which forms a great part of the *wit* of the piece. The plot is bad; the incidents improbable. Mr. Colman seems to have imitated some of the absurd Italian operas, which are intended merely as vehicles for music, and where the performers frequently sing and grope about for half an hour within arm's length of each other, to make the audience believe (to whom they are visible enough) that they are in the dark. The gallery-scene, in the third act, is a striking instance of this ridiculous *stravaganza*.

The character of *Sir David Dunder* seemed better adapted to Mr. Harwood's talents than that of *Goldfinch*. The latter is sure to suffer in the hands of a man of taste; as there is no model for it in all Nature's works, even where she is most fanciful—on the course of Newmarket or in the hundreds of Drury.

Blisset might be more happy in his drunken scene, were he to study the graces. Strange as it may appear, there is a grace to be observed even in drunkenness. Garrick being asked by a French actor, how he liked his performance in a certain play, replied, "You "did the part of the drunkard with much "judgment, and, what is extremely dif-"ficult in such characters, with much "grace. But permit me to make one "observation:—your left foot was per-"fectly *sober* all the time." So admirable was the conception of this inimitable actor, that at a single glance he could discover the most trifling defect; and what he has applied to the left foot of the Frenchman, we may apply to the legs, arms, and even heads of many of our performers. When we see a lover

heaving his chest, distorting his countenance, and "sawing the air" with his hands, it is frequently found that the other parts of his body are in profound apathy. Physical inebriety affects the whole nervous system, from the head to the foot; and the moral inebriety of the affections, in our opinion, must act in the same manner and degree. Action, as we have before observed, is the true language of nature; and we scarcely ever find a performer who pays a proper attention to it. Provided he remember his *cue*, and stand not in need of the prompter's aid, he conceives he has done his duty to the manager and the public, without considering that action will say much more than words, and that the time he passes at billiards or other amusements should be devoted to the study of the effects of passions on the human frame.

Macrobius relates a circumstance which may, in some measure, elucidate our remarks.—Hylas, a pupil of Pylades, who had made so great a progress in his profession as nearly to excel his master, was one day playing a part, the last words of which were, "Agamemnon the Great." Hylas, to convey the idea of *greatness*, stretched out his body, as he would have done in describing a tall person. Pylades, who had placed himself amongst the audience, could not contain himself, and exclaimed, "Thou art representing him *tall*, and not *great*. The people, forcibly struck by this critique, desired Pylades to mount the stage, and play the part himself. He obeyed; and, coming to the speech in question, he represented Agamemnon *pensive;* for, in his idea, nothing could better express the situation of so great a king, and so celebrated a general, than *thinking* for all those whose welfare depended on his conduct.*

* Saturnal. lib. ii, c. 7. Nec Pylades histrio nobis omittendus est, qui clarus in opere suo fuit temporibus Augusti et Hylam discipulum usque ad æqualitatis contentionem eruditione provexit. Populus deindè inter utriusque suffragia divisus est. Et cum canticum quoddam saltaret Hylas, cujus clausula erat, Τὸν μέζαν' Αζαμέμνονα, sublimem ingentemque Hylas velut metiebatur. Non tulit Pylades, et exclamavit e caveâ, Σὺ μικρὸν ἃ μέγαν ποιεῖς. Tunc populus eum coëgit, idem saltare canticum. Cumque ad locum venisset, quem reprehenderat, expressit cogitantem, nihil magis ratus magno duci convenire, quam pro omnibus cogitare.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

It is a circumstance not less true than curious, that the author who subscribed himself *Modestus* in the public papers, and whom Junius combatted in his celebrated Letters, was no other than John Cleland, author of one of the most licentious books in the English language. One cannot repress a laugh at this discovery. Had the pungent, arch and satirical Junius been *au fait* of this, what a subject would it have been for indulging his bitterest sarcasms; his shafts would not only have galled Cleland the voluptuous, but he would have have found a new position from which to have directed the thunder of his artillery against the ministry, whom he hated with such a deadly hatred.

Cleland was the son of Colonel Cleland, that celebrated fictitious member of the Spectator's club, whom Steele describes under the name of Will Honeycomb. He was educated at Eton, went a consul to Smyrna, and afterwards visited the East Indies. He wrote his Mulier Voluptatis in a London jail, and was allowed a pension of one hundred pounds by government, to bridle the looseness of his imagination. This pension he enjoyed till his death. He died about ten years ago, in Petty France [London] at the advanced age of 82.

I am, &c. C. D. E.

Mr. Oldschool,

Peter Pindar, after prostituting his talents to the infamous purpose of calumniating his sovereign, has permitted his favorite artist to hand him down in his true colours to posterity. In two historical pictures by Opie, representing the death of James I of Scotland, and the murder of Rizzio, in the presence of the unfortunate Mary, Peter Pindar is drawn as the assassin!

Yours, X. Y.

Mr. Oldschool,

April the 23d, 1789, universal joy and loyalty pervaded the cities of London and Westminster at the entry of the beloved sovereign of a free and great people, to return his public and grateful thanks to the Omnipotent Being who had preserved and restored him. The front room of the house of Newberry, the bookseller, let that day for one hundred guineas.—The following very curious notice is exactly transcribed from the original, which was stuck in a window, at the corner of Fleet Market and Ludgate Hill.

"To be seen here the 20 third of this month the King and his Crown and Dig Nighty in a percession to Sint Pals Curche.

"Frunt parlore 2*s*. 6*d*.—Dining room 5 shillings, too pare Staires 3*s*.—Garrat 1*s*.—Gutter 6 pence.

"N. B. I wont have no more nor ten in the Gutter,* nor no Money returned in case as how it rains."

I am, &c.

An Englishman.

* Alluding to the gutter on the top of the house.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The life of Dr. Donne, succinctly and agreeably written by a Scottish Biographer, Dr. Anderson, who has copiously added to the stores of literary information, will please, if not *the million*, at least the lovers of ancient poetry. But, exclaims the fastidious hunter after novelty, why fatigue your readers with the memoirs of an *old* divine, whose satires, like his sermons, are rumbling, quaint and austere? To this captiousness of objection it is answered that to many old writers we wish to recal vagrant attention. Donne, if his versification be harsh, and his style uncouth, has so much Genius, "wild Wit, and Invention ever new," that his works and character deserve some of our regard. His faults are the faults of his age. They are the faults of Cowley. But let it always be remembered that originality of thought in literature, like Charity in life, "covers a multitude of sins." The works of that writer which Pope studied and imitated must be considered a *mine*, replete with the solid and sparkling diamond, however incrusted or unpolished.]

THE LIFE OF DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573. His father was an eminent merchant, descended from a very ancient family in Wales; and his mother was descended from the family of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England. His grandfather, by the mother's side, according to Jonson, in his "Conversation with Drummond," was Heywood the Epigramist; so that, as he observes, "he was originally a poet."

He was educated at home till the eleventh year of his age, when he was sent to the University of Oxford, and entered a Commoner of Hart Hall, where, it was observed of him, as of John Picus Mirandula, that "he was rather born wise, than made so by study."

He continued three years at Oxford, but declined taking his first degree, by the advice of his relations, who, being of the Romish religion, disliked the oath required to be taken upon that occasion.

He afterwards removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and from thence, about three years after, to Lincoln's Inn, London, where he prosecuted the study of the common law, with sufficient appearance of application and success.

He seems, however, to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for, about this time, he composed most of his love poems, and other levities and pieces of humour, which sufficiently established his poetical reputation, and procured him the acquaintance of all those of his own age, who were most distinguished for acuteness of wit, and gaiety of temper.

His father dying when he was about nineteen years of age, and leaving him 3000*l*. he relinquished the study of the law, and devoted himself to a diligent examination of the controversy between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, which ended in a full conviction of the truths of the reformed religion, and his conversion to Protestantism.

About the twenty-first year of his age, he resolved to gratify his desire of travelling; and in the years 1596 and 1597, he accompanied the Earl of Essex in the expedition against Cadiz, and staid some years in Spain and Italy, where he improved himself by conversing with men of learning, and gained a perfect knowledge of the Spanish and Italian languages.

Soon after his return to England, he was made secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in whose service he continued five years, and who had so high an opinion of his abilities, as to declare that "he was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

In 1502, he married privately, without the consent of her father, Anne, daughter of Sir George Moore, Chancellor of the garter, and lieutenant of the tower, who then lived in the lord keeper's family, and was niece to his lady.

Sir George Moore resented his marrying his daughter, without his consent, so highly, that he procured his dismission from the lord keeper's service, and had him committed to prison.

He soon obtained his liberty; but was obliged to be at the expense of a tedious lawsuit, to recover the possession of his wife, which involved him in great difficulties.

His wants, however, were in a great measure prevented by the kindness of his relation, Sir Francis Wooley, who entertained him and his family several years in his house, at Pilford in Surrey, and at last effected a reconciliation between him and his father-in-law, who engaged to pay him 800l. as a portion with his wife, and 20l. quarterly till it was paid.

After the death of Sir F. Wooley, he took a house for his wife and children at Mitcham, in Surry, and lodgings for himself near Whitehall, where he was much visited and caressed by the nobility, foreign ministers, and other persons of distinction.

Some time after, he removed his family to apartments in the house of his friend, Sir Robert Drury, in Drury-lane.

In 1610, he was incorporated Master of Arts at Oxford, having before taken the same degree at Cambridge.

About two years afterwards, he accompanied Sir Robert Drury to Paris; and not long after his return he entered into holy orders, by the persuasion of King James, who had a high opinion of his abilities, and often expressed great satisfaction in having been the means of introducing so worthy a person into the church.

He was ordained by his friend, Dr. King, bishop of London, who had been chaplain to the lord-keeper Egerton, at the same time that he was his secretary. He was immediately after made one of the chaplains in ordinary to his majesty, and, about the same time, attending the king to Cambridge, he was created doctor in divinity by the University, on the particular recommendation of his majesty.

On his return from Cambridge, he had the affliction to lose his wife, who died on the seventh day after the birth of her twelfth child, August 15, 1617. Soon after the death of his wife, he was chosen preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and two years after, by his majesty's appointment, attended the earl of Doncaster in his embassy to Germany. In 1621, he was advanced to the deanry of St. Paul's. Soon after, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West was given to him by the earl of Dorset, and another benefice by the earl of Kent.

In 1623-4, he was chosen prolocutor of the Convocation, and appointed by the king to preach several occasional sermons at Paul's-cross.

In 1630, he was seized with a fever at the house of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Abery Hatch, in Essex, which brought on a consumption, of which he died on the 31st of March, 1631, and was buried in the cathedral church of St. Paul, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Sometime before his death, when he was emaciated with study and sickness, he caused himself to be wrapped up in a sheet, which was gathered over his head in the manner of a shroud; and,

having closed his eyes, he had his portrait taken, which was kept by his bedside as long as he lived, to remind him of mortality. Dugdale says, that the effigy on his monument in St. Paul's church, was done after this portrait.

Donne is better known as a poet than as a divine; though in the latter character he had great merit. His prose writings which are chiefly theological, are enumerated by Walton, who has written his life, with a just admiration of his talents and virtues, but with unnecessary prolixity and amplification, and in a strain of vulgar credulity and enthusiasm, peculiar to the productions, of the last century.

His "Pseudo Martyr," in which he has effectually confuted the doctrine of the papal supremacy, is the most valuable of his prose writings. His sermons abound too much with the pedantry of the times in which they were written to be at all esteemed in the present age.

His poems, consisting of "Songs and Sonnets, Epigrams, Elegies, Epithalamions, Satires, Letters, Funeral Elegies, Holy Sonnets," &c. published at different times, were printed together in one volume 12mo. by Tonson, 1719, and reprinted by Bell, in three vols. 12mo. 1781, with the addition of Elegies on his Death, by Jonson, Carew, King, Corbet, and other contemporary wits, a specimen of which is given in the present edition.

All his contemporaries are lavish in his praise. Prejudiced, perhaps, by the style of writing which was then fashionable, they seem to have raised his performances beyond their just value. To the praise of wit and subtility his title is unquestionable. In all his pieces he displays a prodigious richness of fancy, and an elaborate minuteness of description; but his thoughts are seldom natural, obvious, or just, and much debased by the carelessness of his versification.

Dryden has very justly given him the character of "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." In his dedication of Juvenal to the earl of Dorset, he says: "Donne, alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent, but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification; and were he translated into numbers and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysicks, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign, and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with speculations of philosophy, where he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love."

Pope, probably taking the hint from this passage, has shewn that Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, assume more dignity, and appear more charming, "when translated into numbers and English."

Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Cowley," has displayed his prodigious genius and extensive learning, to great advantage, in characterising the metaphysical poetry of Donne, and his imitators.

"This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge.

"The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to shew their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily, resolving to shew it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry, they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear, for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

"In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed, and, in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown

together, genuine wit, and useful knowledge, may be sometimes found buried, perhaps, in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value, and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety, though less copiousness of sentiment."

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

At No. 42, Walnut-st. is just published, in a very neat manner, a pamphlet on a topic not a little interesting at the present juncture. This work, which, from internal evidence, appears to be written by a Frenchman, perfectly well informed, is a formal comparison, or rather a sort of Plutarch parallel between the political character and military adventures of Bonaparte and Moreau. The spirited defence made by the latter, on the day of his trial, at Paris, and added to this pamphlet, will be perused with additional interest, when we remember that the injured Hero has reversed the well-known line of Tully,

Cedant arma togæ *concedat laurea linguæ*,

that he exchanged the pleader's robe for the soldier's uniform; and, as was wittily observed, at a late entertainment, given him by the gentlemen of the bar, in this city, he was famous for his knowledge, both of the civil, and *canon* law. The additional circumstance of the Hero of Hohenlinden being exiled to this country, and residing in this city, will cause men to peruse with eagerness a memoir of one, brave and cool, like Cæsar, but unfortunate and persecuted, like Pompey.

Messrs. Munroe and Francis, the well-known printers of that elegant miscellany, The Monthly Anthology, and other valuable works, honourable to their choice and to their care, have issued proposals, at Boston, for publishing, by subscription, in two octavo volumes, The Poem of Madoc, by Robert Southey. We have not had leisure, of late, to peruse to the finis, a poem, which, perhaps, the nature of his subject, perhaps the vain-gloriousness of an author, and perhaps his tediousness, has lengthened to as many books as that worthy whig John Wilkes, published papers, in defence of the charmer, Liberty. But we have inspected so much of this curious volume as to justify an opinion, favourable to the genius of its author, though hostile to his peculiarities and his principles. It will be perused with considerable interest, on this side of the Atlantic, because the fable is grounded on a certain tradition of a very early emigration of Welsh adventurers to the banks of the Missouri. Mr. Southey's Invocation to the attention and patience of his readers, we cannot refrain from copying and admiring, because the author, who, with all his faults, is certainly a young man of fine talents, speaks of himself in the clear, yet modest tone of conscious worth.

Come, listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me! I am he who sung
The Maid of Arc; and he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wonderous song.
Come listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread,
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean ways,
And quelled barbarian power, and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted in its fanes triumphantly
The Cross of Christ. Come listen to my lay!

All who have been amused and instructed by that elegant and popular work, "The Stranger in France," will learn, with pleasure, that Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, bookseller of this city, has just published another entertaining Journal, by the same ingenious author, entitled, "A Northern Summer, or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and part of Germany." The popularity of this republication has been attested by the rapidity of its sale. It was very recently undertaken, and an impression of a thousand copies is already exhausted. With the exception of a few instances of literary foppery, and an unlucky habit which the author indulges of quoting, with a squanderer's profusion, some of the tritest passages in SHAKESPEAR, this volume may be safely recommended to every inquisitive student, who does not think a book the worse for being spangled with metaphor and sparkling with allusions.

Mr. N. G. Dufief, a French gentleman, resident in this city, who has in the course of his literary avocations, displayed much industry and much ingenuity, proposes to put to press immediately, under the care of Mr. Watts, of the Polyglott office, a new edition, with considerable additions and improvements, of "Nature displayed in her mode of Teaching Language to Man, or a new and infallible Method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind," &c. This popular treatise was fostered by a very liberal subscription, and experienced a very rapid sale. Criticism, from the most respectable sources, has declared in its favour; and on the whole, notwithstanding the multitude of French Grammars,

Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa—

this has been, by no means, superseded by the labours of prior philologists. It certainly is a perspicuous system. To him, who is blessed with a retentive memory, the acquisition of an elegant language will not be difficult, with this volume in his hand. The collection of Gallic idioms and phrases, is one of the most copious we have ever perused, and the collateral version of them is faithful and neat, neither tamely literal, nor loosely paraphrastic.

The comparison of the Genius of the two languages, thus arranged, is one of the first exercises of Grammatical speculation.

Mr. Fessenden, a native of America, who, by a series of poems in the manner of Hudibras, has, in the estimation of British critics of the soundest judgment and the purest taste, rivalled in all instances, and surpassed in many, the muse of Butler himself, has with no less diligence than success, published a *third* edition of "Democracy Unveiled." This poem, in direct warfare with some of the most infamous and execrable principles that ever disturbed the repose of mankind, abounds sometimes in the severest satire, and sometimes in the most lively jokes, at the expense of a dull and ferocious party, who have all "the malice of a Monk," without his literature, and all the sedition of Tiberius Gracchus, without his eloquence. Mr. Fessenden, by taking a wide survey of American politics, by tracing the poison of Jacobinism to its source, by portraying the characters of all our demagogues, and exposing the depravity, and absurdity of a vulgar and short-sighted system, has so greatly enlarged his canvas as, in fact, to make it an entirely new picture. When we perused the first edition of this Satire, agreeable as the topic was to our principles and our wishes, we thought that the management of it fell in some degree, below the author's powers; and that his political friends, his political zeal, and his staunch heart, had urged him to a hurried, though lively, glance at an object at once enormous and hateful, like Ætna or Vesuvius, too vast and too gloomy to be surveyed by a single inspection. But this new and greatly improved edition of his work convinces us that his accuracy and diligence keep pace with his wit, and that by a careful revision and elaborate augmentation of the volume, he has been anxious to repay the public favour he has experienced. On the literary merits of this work it would be superfluous to enlarge. The author's powers of Invention and Humour, his felicity in the double rhyme, the smoothness and fluency of his versification, and the archness and poignancy of his notes and allusions, are familiar to the polite reader. Mr. Fessenden, when temporary topics have vanished, and all the prejudices of party are no more, will by impartial Criticism be assigned a place by the side of Samuel Butler, Charles Cotton, and George Huddesford. Matthew Prior will not blush to arrange "Terrible Tractoration" on the same shelf with "Alma;" and Charles Churchill, without a murmur, might acknowledge that some stanzas of Mr. Fessenden were not inferior in caustic effect to the most satirical passages of "The Duellist," and, "The Ghost."

For the Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Two pictures of the stupendous cataract of Niagara have been lately published in London, on a scale of 30 by 24 inches, by Vander Lyn, a native of New York. This ingenious artist, patronized by men of discernment and munificence, has obtained abroad and at home a very high degree of celebrity. He is now making the tour of Europe, under the auspices, as we are informed, of the lovers of the Fine Arts in New York. Mr. Vander Lyn devoted much time and talent to this delineation, taken on the spot. The connoisseurs speak highly of the beauty and accuracy of the picture, and the plates are very correctly and elegantly engraved by artists of reputation.

For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

[The following curious letter from the gay Prior to the splenetic Swift, is an *original* from Dr. Birch's MSS. in the British Museum. The reader will perceive from internal evidence, that this letter is genuine.]

"*To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, Ireland.*"

"*Westr. 25th April*, 1721.

"DEAR SIR,

"I know very well that you can write a good letter if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question—a letter from you is sometimes what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those whom you love less, and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are, whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *proprria quæ maribus* to the country curate; you and I are so established authors

that we may write what we will, without fear or censure, and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the bagatelle to any thing else, we deserved to have our brains knocked out ten years ago. I have received the money punctually of Mr. Daniel Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn; there's one turn for you—good! The man you mentioned in your last, has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you have observed of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up till the public distractions force somebody or other (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him *statu quo prius:* that in the mean time he has forseen all that has happened, checkmated all the ministry, and, to divert himself at his leisure hours, has laid all these lime-twigs for his neighbour Coningsby, that keeps that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

"Things, and the way of men's judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friend's actions. Roffen is more than suspected to have given up his party as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre.* His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of the Lutrin, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men than he is; and I wish our friend Hal— were higher than he is.

"Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and lady Harriet *adoranda.*

"I tell you no news but that the whole is a complication of mistake in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it; of the ministers (I speak) for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil; this is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that

"I am, ever, your friend and
"Your servt.
"M. PRIOR."

"Friend Shelton, commonly called dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health.—Adieu."

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

From the Port Folio of a Man of Letters in England, we sometimes derive something to add to our own. In a late number we find that, in a recent collection of engravings from antique gems, occurs a sort of winged Bacchus, called Acratus, a genius, or spirit of the god of the grape. Might not this hitherto neglected Divinity be employed as the emblematic or allegoric personification of brandy? An *acratism* was the old name for a whet or cordial. There is this use in an euphemism, that it facilitates sincerity: one cannot say of any woman that "she drinks drams," but one might hazard "she is a worshipper of Acratus." He was, no doubt, the son of Bacchus and of Vesta.

A classical enamorato in the State of Pennsylvania, in which there are several branches of a very respectable family, by the name of *Dick*, paid his addresses to a young lady of this family, whose christian name was Lydia. The lover, who remembered HORACE as well as Ovid, could not forbear one day addressing his mistress in a line from his favourite author, *Lydia Dic*, per omnes te deos oro.

M. Poulleau has invented a musical instrument which he calls the orchestrino, which professes to unite the brilliancy and expression of the harpsichord and piano-forte, with the softness of the human voice.

The continued good fortune and signal courage of Bonaparte remind one of Falstaff's description of Poins. "This is the most *omnipotent* villain that ever cry'd Stand, to a true man."

Miss Baillie, a Scottish lady of letters, has lately published several volumes of plays, the diction of which is sometimes a professed imitation of Shakespear. She is sometimes happy in her attempts to interest our feelings and soothe our ears. But, alas! in her walk after this mighty Magician, she is sometimes hobbling, "lame and impotent," and forces us to exclaim, in the phrase of Colman's ballad,

O Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!

Carpocrates, a heresiarch of the second century, thought that all things ought to be in common, and that it was a tyranny for laws to abridge the *natural rights of men*. This famous disciple of the Devil and Democracy, not only allowed his followers a full liberty to sin, but recommended a vicious course of life to them, asserting that salvation was only attainable by those, who had committed all sorts of crimes, and filled up the measure of iniquity.

When we listen to some of the affectations in fashionable pronunciation, we cannot help remembering and applying a passage from an old poet.

I abhor such fantastical phantasms, such *point* devise companions; such readers of orthography; as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say doubt; *det*, when he should pronounce debt, d,e,b,t; not *det;* he clippeth a calf, *cauf*, half, *hauf;* neighbour, vocative *nebor*, neigh, abbreviated *ne*. This is *abhominable* (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie.

SHAKESPEAR sometimes, without intending it, describes the imperfections of a bad actor.

An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

DR. JOHNSON, in one of the most frank and sprightly letters he ever addressed to Mrs. Thrale, relates an anecdote of the colloquial powers of Edmund Burke and himself, which shews, in an admirable light, the Magic of Genius, when supported by all the strength of the head, and assisted by all the fluency of the tongue.—

You have had, with all your adulations, nothing finer said of you, than was said last Sunday night of BURKE and me. We were at the bishop of —— and *towards twelve* we fell into talk, to which the ladies listened, just as they do to you, and said, as I heard, *there is no rising, unless somebody will cry fire.*

Southern, in his play of "The Disappointment," has introduced a passage not very favourable to the sex. But, alas! this splenetic poet saw them during an age of gallantry and voluptuousness, and not as they appear in ali the spotless purity of virgin innocence in a chaste Commonwealth, whose republican virtue "may be assailed, but never hurt."

I've made
A study of the sex, and found it frail:
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,
Are earthly minded all: There's not a she
The coldest constitution of her sex;
Nay, at the altar, telling o'er her beads,
But some one rises on her heavenly thoughts,
That drives her down the wind of strong desire,
And makes her taste mortality again.

A Walpole wag observes that, a duel was fought in Fincastle, (Vir.) by J. *Risque*, esq. and Mr. Thomas Beale.—The former received the ball through his side. They exchanged but one shot; and it is said that there is a *chance* of Mr. *Risque's* recovery.

MODERN EDITORS.

They have lived long on the alms-basket of words. They are too spruce, too affected, too odd as it were; perigrinate, as I may call it. Their words are a very fantastic banquet, just so many strange dishes.

The following is an interesting specimen of Scottish hospitality.

Lord Aberdeen's Birth-Day.

Monday, the 28th January, being the Earl of ABERDEEN'S birth-day, when his lordship came of age, was celebrated at Haddo-house, his lordship's seat in this county, with every demonstration

of joy. The day was announced by the ringing of bells at the neighbouring churches. In the forenoon, the volunteers on the Earl's estate paraded on the lawn, and fired three volleys with great accuracy; and at one o'clock, his lordship's numerous tenantry assembled, many from the most distant parts of the county, along with the volunteers of the neighbourhood, in a building erected for the occasion, and sat down to a plentiful dinner, where true Scotch hospitality prevailed, while a band of music added to the entertainment, by playing several favorite tunes. A select party, consisting of the Marquis of Huntly, the Earls of Errol and Kintore, and several gentlemen of the county, were with his lordship at the mansion, where an elegant dinner was prepared, and the day spent in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks, and bonfires were raised on every hill and every farm on the estate, to evince the attachment to the proprietor, and joy which the inhabitants felt on the occasion of this amiable young nobleman's succeeding to his extensive property. The company who dined at Haddo-house on that day amounted to upwards of eight hundred, and the provision for the entertainment was in proportion. The tenants danced to the Scotch bagpipes, and continued in the highest glee till seven the next morning, when they returned to their homes, delighted with the entertainment. It must have been highly gratifying to his lordship, as well as every one present, to see so numerous a body of respectable tenants and neighbours made happy under his roof. The scene brought to mind the festivity of ancient days, and will, no doubt, be a theme of grateful recollection for many a year to those who witnessed it.

The ingenious Mr. Jenyns thus fancifully contends for the truth of a strange doctrine:

That mankind had existed in some state previous to the present, was the opinion of the wisest sages of the most remote antiquity. It was held by the Gymnosophists of Egypt, the Brachmans of India, the Magi of Persia, and the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome. It was likewise adopted by the Fathers of the Christian Church, and frequently enforced by her primitive writers. Why it has been so little noticed, so much overlooked rather than rejected by the divines and metaphysicians of later ages, I am at a loss to account for, as it is undoubtedly confirmed by reason, by all the appearances of nature, and the doctrines of revelation.

We have often sneered at that affectation of excessive sensibility which characterizes the German writers of the New School, and which sits very awkwardly upon the uncouth Kotzebue. In his "Remarkable Year," the following passage occurs, to republish which is a sufficient satire upon its author.

On my former journey, I had been allowed to purchase at Moscow a few bottles of Burgundy to *strengthen my stomach*. I *paid at the rate of four rubles* a bottle. The state of my finances not permitting me to indulge in extravagance, I had only purchased three bottles: two were emptied on my arrival at Tobolsk; the third accompanied me to Kurgan. I had preserved it as a treasure, and destined it for the celebration of my wife's arrival. I now *drew the cork* in *the face of this post*, with *the assistance of a cork-screw my dear mother* had *given me*, *last new-year's day*, and which I *now used for the first time*. I *drank* several glasses. I shed tears of joy. I made the courier and the driver drink with me, and then broke the empty bottle against the post!!! after which, with a light heart, as if I had nothing more to fear, I gaily cried "Drive on, Postilion."

The style of Lord Chesterfield in many of his Letters, not to be found in the principal collection, which bears his name, is remarkable for all the correctness of a scholar, and all a courtier's ease. The following sentence, written when he was Viceroy of Ireland, will justify the position:

"The triumph of the Patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs; with all my heart, let them but use it well.

There is a great deal of money lying dead in the treasury; let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and, above all, the Protestant charter schools. Let them people and civilize the country. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a King, and a Government; three things to which they are at present utter strangers.

In a thousand instances this witty nobleman expresses a compliment with a union of politeness and archness, peculiar to himself.

"But deafness makes me loquacious; so a good night to you with Madame Dayrolles; and I think that is wishing you both very well."

So, in a letter to Edward Jerningham, he gaily says, in his wonted manner, "If you stray among the hills, vales, and purling streams, it is to make your court to the Muses, who have long had such an affection for you, that they will meet you whenever you please to appoint them. If to these nine ideal ladies you add a tenth of real good country flesh and blood, I cannot help it, though God forbid that I should advise it."

An *idle* club has been lately established at Wolverhampton. Every member is allowed *two* chairs, and the president *three*.—*Smoaking* is their only employment, as being *next to nothing*.

Lon. pap.

There are at present in Paris, 455 booksellers, 340 printers, 138 bookbinders, 327 engravers, 85 copper-plate printers, 49 print-sellers, and 71 old book shops, 240 sellers of lemonade, 200 keepers of cook shops, 630 wine-merchants, 146 perfumers, 154 lottery-office keepers, and 975 actors, actresses, singers, dancers, *et id genus omne*. *Ib.*

The American papers say that a lady at Franklin was lately taken up by the wind during a storm, and has not been heard of since. If it should be once established that Mr. Eolus can commit rapes in this manner, we shall soon hear some very plausible excuses offered for the accidents that happen to light women. *Ibid.*]

A Rhetorician, in a recent treatise upon his art, after recounting some of the most common errors in elocution, proceeds, "to avoid these inconveniences, you ought to have a *clear, strong voice*." This, the Monthly Reviewers say, reminds them of a recipe in an old book on the art of cookery: "How to dress a dolphin, first *catch a dolphin*, &c."

Captain Kerr Porter's admirable picture of *The Battle of Agincourt* is now exhibiting. It is a performance that will support the high reputation which the artist has so deservedly obtained in performances of this description. The subject is dear to Englishmen, and the scene is altogether conceived and executed in a style highly creditable to the present state of the arts. The hostile groups are most happily disposed; and the grandeur of the Castle of Agincourt forms a fine contrast to the sylvan landscape of the Banks of the Somme.

The following Stanzas were found in the hand-writing of Petrarch, inclosed in a leaden box, in the coffin, containing the remains of Laura, at Avignon; a circumstance which must render them peculiarly interesting to the lovers of that amiable and accomplished writer. The translator has made occasional deviations, being rather desirous to preserve the spirit than the letter of the original.

QUI reposan qui casti e felici ossa,
Di quell alma gentile, e sola interra,
Aspro, e dur sasso, hor ben teco hai sottera
Et vero honor, la fama, e belta seossa
Morte ha del verde Lauro scelta, e seossa
Fresca radice, e il premio di mio guerra
Di quattro lustre e piu, se ancor non erra
Mio pensier tristo, et il chiude in poca fossa;
Felice Pianta in Borgo di Avignone
Nacque, e mori, e qui con ella giace
La penna, et stil, l'inchiostra, e la regione;
O delicati membri, O viva face!

Che ancor me cuoci, e struggi; in ginnochione
Ciascun preghi il signor te accepti in pace.
OSOXO.

Morta bellizza indarno si sospira;
Le alma beata in ciel vivra in eterno;
Pianga il presente, e il futur secol privi
D'una tal Luce, ed io di gli occhi e il tempo.

Translation.

HERE sleeps intomb'd within this humble stone,
A form where beauty's choicest gifts combin'd;
A form, alas! where erst etherial shone
The soft attractions of no vulgar mind:

With thee, my Laura, still belov'd, is flown,
The boon that Fancy's fav'ring hand assign'd,
Dissolv'd the charms that fill'd her lofty throne,
The bays relinquish'd, and the harp resign'd.
O more than beauteous, more than mortal fair!
Reft is the pride of Gallia's pensive plains.
I weep the hand that once dispell'd my pains,
While each kind bosom joins a tender pray'r,
And sighs a requiem o'er thy lov'd remains.
OSOXO.

Though shrin'd in earth, each mortal charm decays,
The soul exulting, mounts etherial spheres,
And leaves an object of their fondest praise,
A friend, a lover, and a world in tears.

R.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman, who has translated the Greek Ode, written by Moore, and prefixed to his version of Anacreon, is thanked both for the article and for the obliging manner in which it is transmitted.

The elegant compliment from "Amicus" to an eloquent orator is received and admired.

A series of very amusing and instructive Essays, pertinent to the history of the healing art, will shortly appear.

A course of lectures comprising some of the most interesting and elegant topics in literature, and the elaborate production of a critic, whose taste was at once delicate and correct, is preparing for publication in this Miscellany. These Lectures will edify and delight every classical scholar in the country.

"A Constant Reader," who dates his letter on the banks of the St. Lawrence, is assured that his Verses are not cold or dreary. The author appears to respire the air of pure Bermuda or Montpellier. Genius glows with fire unquenchable; it is not damped by the fogs of Holland; it is not chilled by the cold of Canada.

Our friend in Boston, who, in a manner so obliging as to enhance the favor, lately transmitted a Valuable Paper, is requested to accept our thanks; and to remember how much *regular* contributions of this character contribute to the success of a Literary Journal.

The Gentleman at New York, who many months since promised us his Manuscripts, the value of which we have sufficient reason to appreciate very highly, is urged to comply with his engagements.

'Juvenis' is as mad as a March hare. His thoughts are turbid, and his style is disjointed and desultory.

He must be one
Who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With *desperate charcoal* round his darken'd walls.

We shall soon illuminate our pages with 'the New Moon' of 'Ithacus,' and hope that through his poetical perspective we may have more than a glimpse of Venus, or the evening Star.

'Investigator' is fruitlessly employed. He is absurdly digging in all the darkness of occult causes, and should abandon the unprofitable task, not without repeating from PRIOR:

'The longitude uncertain roams
In spite of Whiston and his bombs,
What system, say, has right averr'd
The cause, why woman has no beard;
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hair grows *white* and teeth grow *black*.
In points like these we must agree:
Our *barber* knows as well as we.'

Our various correspondents are once more strenuously urged to send their essays promptly, and in a character as legible as possible. The season is favourable to mental exertion, and the tedium of winter is successfully beguiled by the alternate employment of the book and the pen.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

AN ODE,

Commemorative of the deaths of Lieutenant Somers of the American navy, and his brave Companions, before Tripoli, in the summer of 1805.

[Commodore Preble, with a view as much as possible to harass the enemy, ordered the ketch Intrepid to be filled with materials for a destructive explosion, and gave the conduct of her to Lieutenants Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, and a few others.—Their orders were to approach, under cover of the night, as near as they could, to the town and batteries, and after firing a train, provided for that purpose, to make their escape to the fleet in boats. A premature discovery of them by the enemy, rendered it impossible for them, either to reach the station which they contemplated, or to make their escape; and these brave men, with an intrepidity almost beyond parallel, preferring death to an ignominious servitude, set fire to the train, and were blown with their enemies into the air. This catastrophe is made the subject of the following Ode. B.]

——evehit ad deos—
Aget Penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes—
——————— ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges, Lacryma favillam.
HORACE.

Chorus.

And must the mem'ry of the brave
Sleep in the slumbers of the grave?
Wake the golden string of Fame!
Heroes wake, your meed to claim,
Offspring of alarms!
Rear'd mid the tumults of the brave,
No pillow choosing but the wave,
No music, but of arms!

Recitative.

Dark is the night, and deep and low'ring
Hang its shadows o'er the main;
On the billow awful tow'ring,
Yonder glide the warrior-train!
Not a star betrays their motions,
Hush'd, unseen, they hold their way;
Sullen as the calm of ocean,
At the lurid close of day.
Lo! the fleet with valor teeming.
Dimly skirts the westward sky;
Hope and doubt alternate beaming
From the war-instructed eye.
Preble there serene presiding,
Distant marks the floating death,
Toward the castle darkly gliding,
Aided by the breeze's breath.

Air.

Chief of daring! thine is glory
Far beyond the reach of Fate;
Slain—immortaliz'd in story,
Living—valorous and great!
Thine the calm heroic spirit,
Firm to act, and bold to dare;
Or to grasp the meed of merit,
Or the Hero's grave to share!

Recitative.

Now the bark in distance fading
Glooms beneath the turret-steep,
Not a sound the ear invading
Save the murmur of the deep!
Surely she has gain'd her station,
Lost in distance and in gloom—
'Tis the pause of expectation!
'Tis the silence of the tomb!

Air.

Warriors rue the gale that bore them!
Rue the gloom that wrapt the skies!
Never shall the sun restore them
To your valour-weeping eyes!
Shield them, Heav'n, amid th' explosion!
Quickly waft them from the shore—
Who can bear the swift concussion?
Who can list the sudden roar?

Recitative.

See the flash, one moment shining,
Ocean, earth, and heav'n illume!
Now again 'tis lost! resigning
Heav'n and earth and sea, to gloom.
Horror all, and wild commotion—
Shrieks of millions from the shore—
Gleaming on the sulph'rous ocean,
Cannon burst with rapid roar.
Atlas trembling, hears the thunder
Bellow thro' his shores below;
Sees his tawny sons of plunder
Frighted fly, without a foe.

Air (by the Turks).

Allah! whence this dire undoing
Rushing thro' the troubled air?
Save, oh save thy race from ruin,
Shield the faithful from despair!

Recitative.

O'er the scene, at length, reposing,
Wrapt in desolation's reign;
Morn reluctantly disclosing,
Faintly gilds the eastward plain.

Chorus (by the Crews).

Rise in haste, oh God of splendor!
Valor bids thee swiftly rise;
Triumph to the deeds we'll render
Veil'd by midnight from our eyes.
Hail the wave that to our wishes,
Proudly wafts the daring few!
Hail the dawn that bears propitious
Fame and Somers to his crew!

Recitative.

Morning breaks—but ah, to languish!
Lurid was the light it shed
O'er th' enquiring eye of anguish,
For the warrior-train are fled.

Air (1st.)

Gallant Warriors! well attended
Rush'd your valor to its grave;
Many a foe convulsive rended,
Grimly sank beneath the wave.
Well aveng'd, ere long you'll number,
Victims welt'ring, pale and low;

Many a Turk, in icy slumber,
Soon shall knit the savage brow.
Gen'rous Youths! your story telling,
Tho' a sigh suspend the breath;
Ev'ry nerve to frenzy swelling
Claims a victory from death.

Air (2*d.*)

Heralds of your Country's glory,
Dawning on the path of time!
Age shall kindle at your story,
Cherish'd oft in future rhyme;
For the Bard, on fame attending,
Shall, enraptur'd by the tale,
O'er his harp of legends bending,
Give your glories to the gale.
Beauty, too, a wreath bestowing,
Bids it flourish round your bier;
Ever in remembrance glowing,
Ever water'd by her tear.

Air (3*d.*)

Often shall the Arab wander
From his hills of sunny sand,
On your deeds of fame to ponder,
Circled by his list'ning Band—
"Perish'd here," he'll say, "the stranger,
"When the star of night was high;
"Like thee, Christian, braving danger,
"Be it mine, like thee to die!"

LODINUS.

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Sir,

The following was written at the request of a Committee, appointed by the St. Andrew's Society of this city, for the purpose of erecting a monument on the place where Gen. Hamilton fell. The spot on which this interesting event took place is peculiarly rude and solitary; and the pyramidal monument, to be erected on it, will be seen distinctly from the river, through a natural vista of unusual wildness. Future generations will tread lightly on the earth, which has been hallowed by the fall of so great a man; and the tear of patriotism will bedew it, when monuments have mouldered into ashes. I shall only add, that the author, having been led by personal interest in the deceased, to a warmth and pointedness of expression, which might perhaps endanger the existence of the memorial; and being unwilling to *modify* or *obliterate*, the Society have relinquished the idea of an Inscription in verse, and contented themselves with the bare mention of the age, manner of death, &c. of the deceased. If you think, however, the following lines, which are enlarged and corrected from the copy originally submitted to the committee, worthy of insertion in your Port Folio, you are at liberty to use them.]

INSCRIPTION,

Designed for the Monument to be erected on the ground where Hamilton fell.

Go, Stranger, to the *Man of Honor*, say
That these rude solitary haunts beheld
The saddest comment on his creed of blood.
Say that thy step explor'd the shadowy cliff
Whose bosom, shudd'ring at the deed, receiv'd
The first of Heroes when *he* fell—And oh!
If honor leave its votary a pulse
That yet can kindle o'er his country's fate—
Say that the living lip is mute, whose force
Arraign'd Ambition on her wildest wing,
Or sooth'd the lawless frenzy of the throng!
Now awful as the voice of thunder; now
Persuasive as the sigh of youthful love.
Tell him; the Beacon, by kind Heav'n ordain'd
To hold its lofty vigils; and await
The fearful crisis of the coming storm,
Flings its broad beam no more; while Freedom sits
Disconsolate; and heav'nward sighing, veils
Her form in sackcloth, and her face in tears.
Then ask—if in the arms of victory
Her Hero fell—or in the gradual lapse
Of Nature; or bereavement's anguish, to
The languid ebb of being gave repose—
Or if 'twas not th' unbending majesty;
Th' indignant brow; the bold unvarnish'd mien
Of persecuted Greatness, that provok'd
The practis'd aim of Jealousy, and wove
The sable mantle of a nation's woe.

LODINUS.

New-York, January, 1806.

EPIGRAM.

Sir Prim, a doughty man of war,
Who lik'd to see the foe from far;
Once being in a lonely place,
Shew'd signs of fear in limbs and face:
His friend, perceiving him look pale,
Cries, "Captain, does your courage fail?"
The hero stiffly does deny
The charge, and makes this bold reply—
"I dread not man, nor sword, nor gun,
"But zounds! I'm lame, and *cannot run.*"

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